THE USEFUL PLOW.

A country life is sweet ! n moderate cold and heat. To walk in the air. Itow pleasant and fair! In every field of wheat, The fatrest of flowers Adorning the bowers, And every meadow's brow; So that I say

Compare with them who clothe in grav. And follow the useful plow

They rise with the morning lark, And labor till almost dark, Then folding their sheep. They hasten to sleep While every pleasant park Next morning is ringing With birds that are singing. With what content and merriment Their days are spent Whose minds are bent To follow the useful plow.

Is Extravagance a Blessing?

We cut the following from the agricult-

ural department of the Freeman: ""It costs about \$125,000 a year to sail and keep in repair the four yachts kept for the use of Queen Victoria. That amount of money would keep from starving five hundred fami-lies for one year. But the dignity and pleasure of royalty must be maintained even though thousands of common people perish of hunger. The above paragraph we find floating about, showing how short-sighted some people are. The inference to be drawn from it is, that by her spending that amount of money on her yachts, poor people must by just so much suffer want and deprivation, while the opposite is the fact. The wants and extravagances of the rich are the blessings of the poor. This \$125,000 is neither thrown into the sea or burned up. It pays the sailors, carpenters, rigg rs, the painters, cordage makers and pro-visioners and through them, filters back through all industries and trades to the producers of the raw material. Such rich people are a blessing to the community in which they live, but unthinking people who feel that they are misused, because somebody else has more money than they, give voice to their discontent and envy in such unjust and unreasoning para-graphs as the one at the head of this article."

"In the kingdom of the blind men, the one-eved man is king," says an old proverb. Our brother agricultural editor is thoroughly convinced that he is a legitimate claimant for the royal ermine as against the "short-sighted" people who think public money might be better spent, in the alms-house be-dotted realm of Victoria, than paying it out at the rate of \$125 000 dollars a year on the Queen's pleasure boats. This money is first squeezed out of the people, and then paid back to some of them for labor utterly unproductive, and useless towards any other end that the mere luxury of an over-paid and practically worthless figurehead to a nation perfectly capable of ruling itself without any such costly excrescence. This case is not worth discussing. It gives itself away in the stating of it. But our friend brings forward another case, which he probably thinks a good deal stronger. Here it is:

"A wealthy man built an elegant house, finished in fine style, and when done it did not suit him, so he had a part of it taken down, the handsome, costly roof taken off, and built over with such alterations and additions as he fancied, and with what result! Why this—that people said how extravagant he was, just throwing away money, that the amount he was spending on those needless alterations would have built comfortable houses for several poor men. Well, that was just what he was doing, giving employment to a small army of megiving employment to a small army of me-chanics and laborers at fair wages for labor they could not have had if he had been more easily suited with his house."

It is probable that any intelligent man of wealth who may chance to read the above paragraph will hope for a better advocate or none at all. There is no hostility to rich men necessarily implied by the criticisms upon the individual referred to. In the first place the term "rich man" is a very vague one. There are a great many towns in which a man possessing property to the amount of \$10,000 would be called a rich man, while in our great cities a million hardly entitles one to that name. We happen to have had a neighbor, a farmer, who, having a streak of luck in growing a large and very profitable crop, tore down his old house and built another that cost him so much more than all his bonanza that when it was finished he had a \$6,000 mortgage on it. He was one of Brother Tinkham's public benefactors. He never made another good strike, and a couple of years ago the mortgage took possession, and he finds the \$12,000 house an entire hindrance to selling the farm, because money enough cannot be made upon it to keep the house in repair. The farm will be sold without the house, and the house will be left to rot down, simply because nobody who will live where it is can afford to live in it.

The fact is that labor laid out in such foolish ways is worse than wasted, because, as in the case of queen's steamers and the millionaire's palace, not only the first cost is gone, but there is a continual drain ever after to keep them up; and it would be a blessing to have them burned, if we could be sure they would never be replaced. The fact that in such work money is distributed amongst laboring men does dessive "shortsighted" people with the notion that it is a good thing. But the public instinct goes right to the point and hits the nail upon the head when it protests against the waste of the whole transaction. What constitutes the real wealth of a nation-that wealth which stands between the people and want? Is is palaces and steam yachts, like Queen Victoria's, Vanderbilt's or Jay Gould's. No political economist will say so. Instead of being wealth, these things to be purchased. He then says: "Under are a constant drain upon the wealth of a country, because they constantly waste, but never produce. Their first cost is only a part of the loss; they are wealth- twelve million pounds it amounts to \$240,consumers as long as they last. And who 000, the tax which it is estimated the produces the wealth thus daily wasted? It is the working men of the nation, and sugar-a sum nearly large enough to pay every dollar so wasted for luxurious pleas- all the ordinary expenses of the state. ure is a dollar taken from the humble comforts that would make the poor man's the lightest sugar tax of any state in the family happy.

stretch so far a strong man grows weary reasonable need of business, or of domestic comfort, that requires such immense renewed and supported by the labor of man, and that labor must be paid for. What is it that supports and supplies all this vast expenditure? We are told it is the "trade" of Boston, and who does Boston trade with? She trades with all New England and the West and South. Tolls on that trade pay for all this magnificence, and the vast daily expenditure to keep it up comes, too, from tolls upon the trade of Boston.

Now fifty years ago the business of Boston was done, and well done, in cheap brick or wooden warehouses, and the merchants of Boston lived in good plain substantial homes of moderate cost. Suppose the present race of business men in that city lived to-day, and transacted business to-day, in the way their fathers did, would not the plain people of the country, the working men who produce the wealth that makes Boston's trade, live better, and have a little more laid up? Can these Boston people eat so much of divided?

Yet, our friend Tinkham will probably Boston merchant isn't any surer of his living, nor so happy as a Vermont farmer. this be so, what is the real gain to anyone when so much wealth is wasted and nobody-not even these merchants living in palaces-a mite the happier for it all? Far better return to the simplicity of an earlier time, a simplicity that was much more dignified and respectable than the mushroom magnificence of to-day.

The truth is, this extravagance that in Mr. Tinkham's "short sight" seems to help the working men and wealth producers of the Nation, really takes two dollars-yes, many times two dollars-where it returns one. A nation does not, more than an individual, grow rich by extravagance. If you want to see how, in the course of time, these things end, go to the once great commercial cities of Italy, where now a magnificent palace may be let, perhaps, for \$500, while its noble owner lives in his garret upon this little rent, and the common people live always on the verge of starvation. Are there no lessons for America in these living histories, and are we going blindly, in this new world, the stupid, wicked way of the

The Connecticut Report.

We have had the report of Secretary Gold of the Connecticut board of agriculture upon our table for some time. We found time to read it all through carefully, and therefore can hardly excuse ourself from not noticing it before, especially when so many books are noticed in the papers without being read at all. them to obtain it. We have no more valuable book in our library than the goodly row of Mr. Gold's reports, and we count it one of the advantages of our editor- it is done so easily. ship that we have now for so many years been favored with these useful volumes as they were issued. The present report. for 1882-83, contains (besides the Report the Experiment Station, which we have before noticed, having received it as a separate pamphlet,) an account of the new Storrs Agricultural School of Connecticut. A good paper upon Poultry Raising by Miss Mary H. Read of Amenia, N. Y., remarks upon Fertilizers by Dr. Sturtevant, a lecture upon the Utility of Birds, by Professor Stearns of Amherst College, on Storm Systems as modified by Forests, on Trout Breeding, Bee Keeping, Ventilation of Farm Buildings, the Trotting Horse, and Small Farming, by able speakers, and an excellent Report on Pomology by P. M. Augur, the pomologist of the Board. By the way, why have we no pomologist on our Vermont State Board? We have had none since Mr. Pringle retired, but in no department can more useful and profitable work be done by a competent hand. We regret that space is not ours to give some extracts from this excellent volume, which stands equal in merit with any of its predecessors, and for which we offer our hearty thanks to Secretary Gold.

Vermont's Sugar Tax.

The agricultural editor of the Phanix seems to be an ultra free-trader. He says that in a good season the maple sugar made in Vermont is a little less than the whole amount of sugar we consume, our crop at such times being about twelve million pounds, and our consumption about sixteen million. But this year he thinks our crop will not exceed four million pounds, leaving twelve million pounds the new tariff act, which makes a slight reduction of the duty on sugar, the tax will be about two cents a pound. On people of Vermont will pay this year on And yet Vermont will pay proportionally Union except Louisiana. Can any one Let us take the city of Boston for in- tell why an article of such necessity to all stance. Go up and down its hundreds of the people should be so heavily taxed?" miles of streets and see the palaces of Does not our friend know that the same

trade and the magnificent dwellings, pal- argument, precisely, applies to twenty aces, too, in everything but name, that other articles of Yankee manufacture, and that the "necessity" for such "heavy in walking by them before a tithe of their taxation" is simply the "protection of frontage has been passed. Is there any American industry?" And does he not know that the abolition of this duty, in a "good year" for maple sugar would take expenditures, mounting into the thous- off just this same \$240,000 from the profi's ands of millions,-money spent in carved of the Vermont sugar-makers? And this and polished stone, in sumptuous fur- for the benefit of Cuban slave-drivers! nishings, and a fornments beyond descrip- Has our brother fallen into the toils of tion or counting? All this must be built, Professor Perry, Professor Sumner, and the Cobden Club?

Currant Worms.

"A writer in the Fruit Recorder says there is no necessity for breeding currant worms. It is done by leaving bushes untrimmed, the worms always attacking the new growth first. He says: 'My plan is, in starting a currant patch, to confine each bush to from one to three main stems, and give all the strength of the root to their support. Sprouts will start from the roots each spring, but they must be rubbed off when about six inches long. All current growers know that worms first make their appearance on a new growth, and then spread over the bush; consequently, no sprouts, no worms. This is just as plain as that two and two make four. I have followed this plan for the past two years to my satisfaction, and have barely seen the effects of worms on one or two bushes where my plan was not fully carried out."

Purdy of the Fruit Recorder ought not to print such foolishness. His paper isn't big enough to be published on the pitchfork and shovel plan, like the Mirror and Farmer, for instance. The current worm fly comes out of the ground in May, and lavs her eggs upon the lower leaves of the plant, without the least reference to the cake without their customers being whether they are upon the old or new stinted? In short, are the profits fairly growth. Every current grower of experience knows that there is no way of trimming currant bushes to avoid the worm, tell us that business men fail, and that a the fly always depositing her eggs upon the lower leaves, no matter how far they may be from the ground. These eggs The answer to that is a plain one. If look like minute clippings of cotton thread, ranged along the ribs of the leaf. When they hatch the young worms remain on that leaf about a week, eating round holes in it, and then suddenly disappear, following the branch they were born upon to its extremity, and there is where people usually first notice them.

The Fertilizer Law.

Our new fertilizer law is objected to by several of our editorial confreres because the fee of \$50 on each brand keeps out of the state a lot of fancy brands for which there is not call enough to justify the payment of the tax. We think this a merit, rather than a defect in the law. These fancy fertilizers are fancy in name only. Their composition is essentially identical with that of other fertilizers, and the special names given are only for a catchpenny purpose. The analyses of fertilizers year after year at the Connecticut Experiment Station, under Professor Johnson, show that there is no essential diff-rence between the "Corn Manures," " Tobacco Manures," "Potato Manures" and "Onion Manures" and the ordinary brands of superphosphate made by responsible concerns. In Professor Johnson's last report (page 36) the averages of the constituents of three of

Nitrogen. Phos. Acid. Potash

Professor Johnson, therefore, justly con-But we really hate to provoke the appe-cludes that "It is quite as rational to use tite of our intelligent readers for a good a 'corn manure' on potato land or a book when we know it is not possible for potato manure' for the tobacco crop, as any other way." The whole thing is a humbug, and it is a good thing to keep humbugs out of the state, especially when

A Correction. Seventy-five dollars per ton for cornfodder, in Professor Sanborn's article on Feeding Steers, should have been seven dollars and fifty cents. A second reading makes us think still more highly of these experiments. It is really a great discovery that our straw and corn-fodder need only a little addition of other feed which supplies the deficiencies to be practically equal to the best hay in feeding value. Straw and meal, or corn-fodder and cotton seed meal, or either of them with clover hay, give first-class results as feeding material, for both growth and fattening. These things are well worth studying by farmers who want to make money. Our own experience, in a small way, confirms Mr. Sanborn's. Being short of hay this spring, we have for over two months fed our thirteen hundred pound horse, seven years old, exclusively on cut rye straw, with two quarts of corn meal and four quarts of shorts a day. He objected to the straw as a change from hay at first, but in a few days ate as much as of hay previously, and has kept in firstrate order, being worked nearly every day. It has been a considerable saving. Ensilage with corn, or cotton seed meal is proving to be a complete and perfect food for dairy cows and sheep. It will probably do equally well with a small feed of clover hay, or with clover ensilage.

A New Danger from Mulching.

On the fiery Saturday of May 19, with the help of a dozen neighbors, we barely saved a great part of our orchard from destruction by fire set in the mulch around the trees from the burning woodsheds of the Passumpsic railroad, half a mile to the south of us. On the same day there were heavy forest fires all over northern Vermont, and the woods a mile to the north of us were all in a blaze almost as soon as our own premises. But if the mulch brought danger, our other practice of tying laths and staves about the trunks of the trees to protect them from mice and rabbits greatly helped to counteract it, by affording protection from the heat of the flames until they could be extinguished. Without those laths we should have lost a large number of trees, for the fire ran in the grass all over the orchard, but as it was, only five trees were killed. In some cases the laths were burned half through without the bark below being injured.

Religious Miscellany.

LEAD ME, GUARD ME, HOLD ME.

Lead me, O my Saviour, lead me, Thro' this wilderness below: Grant thy loving glance to speed me, As I through its maxes go, Choose, I pray, the path before me, As a slideld thy love spread o'er me, And my fainting heart inspire

Guard me, O my Saytonr, guard me From the danger of the way; Keep the demons who retard me, By thy mighty power, at bay. They are strong, but thou art stronger; They are trave but thou more brave, Then, with thee I'll fear no longe Thou canst conquer, thou canst save.

Hold me, O my Saylour, hold me; There are pitfalls everywhere-Snares entrap and nets enfold me-Thick and misty is the air. Lord, my strength is failing ever. And thy face I cannot see Should my grasp relax, yet never, Never loose thy hold on me

"Kept by faith unto salvation." Let me, O my Saviour, be, So shall be no separation Evermore 'twixt me and thee. Home at last, through endless ages Ancient of Eternal Days, With the prophets and the sages, I shall j in to sing thy praise. - Selected.

Reckless Folly.

"A short life and a merry one!" is the exclamation of the man who has deliberately surrended himself to a life of guilty pleasure. He who utters it proclaims himself the most reckless of fools, since he declares it to be his deliberate choice to give eternity as the price of a day's indulgence. Against such folly the awful thunders of eternity mutter unutterable condemnation; and when the day of passionate indulgence is past and the soul of the sensualist awakens in perdition to s perception that he has actually thrown away immortal happiness for a day of un satisfying delight, those fearful thunders will awaken echoes within his soul that will torture and terrify him forever. The refrain of his moans will be, "I have destroyed myself!"—Zion's Herald.

Pinks of Propriety.

There is a set of people whom I cannot bear—the pinks of fashionable propriety -whose every word is precise, and whose every movement is unexceptionable, but who, though versed in all the categories of polite behavior, have not a particle of soul or of cordiality about them. We allow that their manners may be abundantly correct. There may be elegance in every gesture, and gracefulness in every posture, not a smile out of place, and not a step that would not bear the measurement of the severest scrutiny. This is all very fine; but what I want is the heart and gaiety of social intercourse, the frankness that spreads ease and animation around it, the eye that speaks affability to all, that chases timidity from every bosom, and tells every man in the company to be confident and happy.—Dr. Chalmers.

Conceit. Coleridge tells us of a man who never heard his name spoken by others, and who never spoke of himself without taking off his hat. This, though very absurd, is nevertheless amusing. Such a man could never be the object of an unkind feeling. So far from quarreling with the subject of an hallucination so agreeable, the gravest looker-on may in-dulge his curiosity in watching the illuthese special fertilizers were given as fol-lows: world besides. It is a curious fact that the more cenceit a man has, beyond a certain point, the more endurable he is to others. A little vanity provokes you; a little more incenses you; a good deal more amazes you—but after that, every addition is positively agreeable. To this source we are constrained to ascribe the pleasure with which we listen to the many of our public men-not excepting some of our popular preachers .- J. A.

Efficacy of Tracts.

A torn Gospel of Mark, given in Orissa to a man who could not read, was one of the most important links in the chain through which the church at Khunditiur was formed, which has been in existence some forty years, and from which some of the best Orissa preachers have come. A tract, the "True Refuge," received at Chittagong, led to the formation of the hurch at Comillah, in eastern Bengal. This same tract has led many others Christ. Tract distribution lay at the foundation of the great work in Backer-gunge. The "Jewel Mine of Salvation" and other tracts have been wonderfully blessed in Orissa. A gospel and tracts have been wonderfully blessed in Orissa. A gospel and tract given on a tour in Assam to a Garo man led to his conversion, and eventually to the commence ment of that promising work of the American Baptists in the Garo Hills, where there are now, we believe, a thousand church members or more.— $G.\ H.$

The Secret of Life.

This is the secret of life-to believe that God is your father, schooling and training you from your cradle to your grave; and then to please and obey him in all things, lifting up daily your hands and thankful heart, entreating him to purge the eyes of your soul, and give you true wisdom, which is to see all things as they really are, and as God himself sees them. He will teach you more and more to see in all which happens to you, all which goes on around you, his fatherly love, his patient mercy, his providential care for all his creatures. He will reward you by making you more and more partaker of his Holy Spirit and of truth, by which seeing everything as it really is, you will at last—if not in this life, still in the life to come—grow to see God himself, who made all things according to his own eternal mind, that they may may be a pattern of his unspeakable glory, and beyond that, who needs to For to know God, and see God is eternal life itself .- Kingsley.

Ministers' Wives.

A minister's wife writes as follows in the Evangelist: "Can the minister's wife be his "true yoke-fellow" without mental and spiritual participation in his labors? A good housekeeper, careful economist, able to hold her tongue or to smooth differences, yet, if worldly, or childish, what help can she be to him who would watch for souls, as those who must give account? We need intelligence and culture, and we need a deep, abiding appreciation of the importance and responsibility of gospel work, to

share with t of souls, the the Master. Le his home to his pu encouraging words. terested, you will not him astray by worldly an him feel that he can labor wife's love of luxury or so can be indulged. A heart love to the Redeemer and died for, will not repine at se privation in any place he see

A Sermonette en Peace.

How shall I find peace? To an this universal question we offer a brisermonette, having no time or space for a discourse. One thing is certain. Sin can make us suffer, but it never can give us solid satisfaction. It can torment, but it cannot tranquilize. What a powerful picture of a soul without God is that drawn in the prophecy of Isaiah, which describes it as a "troubled sea, whose waters cast up mire and dirt." This is the work of memory. Lat the wrong-doer try to hide his sins as carefully or to bury them as deeply as he knows how, memory will throw them to the surface as troubled waters heave up what has been flung into their depths. When a vessel had suck in Lake E-ie, an effort was made to raise the bodies of the drowned passengers by fi-ing heavy cannon over the spot; and the jar brought use. I was inclined to oppose the trial of at first. I now have great faith in it as blood purifier. Very tridy yours. A. L. HINCKLEY. No. 264 Broadway, Lowell, Mass. them up. So the tremendous artillery of Gad's justice-manned by those two gunners, Memory and Conscience-brings up to our eyes the hideous sins which we thought were buried forever. Conscience Hood's Sarsaparilla. utters two great voices. One of them de-Sold by all druggists. Price \$1: or six for \$5. Prepared by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apoth-cearies, Lowell, Mass. clares, "Great peace have they who love God's law; in keeping his commandments is great reward." The other voice is, "There is no peace to the wicked; they The Latest Styles are like the troubled sea which cannot rest; the wages of sin is death.' in proportion as we hear and heed these Men's, Boys' and Children's voices, conscience becomes our sweetest comforter, or our most terrible tormentar. Yet all the time the universal craving is CLOTHING for heart-peace. Everybody wants that The auction-rooms of business and pleasure are thronged, and the busy auctioneers are continually crying "peace, peace," when they are really bidding off cheats Men's Scotch Suits, from \$6.00

and delusions. They have no genuine

peace to give. Satan's policy is to give

people satisfaction by gratifying their ap-petites and selfish desires and unsancti-

fied cravings. This is about like the at-

tempt to extinguish a fire by heaping on

bituminous coal, or to quiet a drunkard's

appetite by administering brandy. Sa-

tan's plan only perpetuates the heart's

disease, and increases its disquietude. In

the midst of the noisy world's clamors, crying off its miserable frauds, there

stands one majestic personage who with

a divine calmness utters the deep loving

offer, "My peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you." Christ's method is the opposite of the

world's and of the father of lies. Christ

gives peace by healing the diseases of the

attempting to satisfy restless, unholy crav-

ings, he expels them and brings in the new sources of joy. The world's false peace begins in delusion, goes on in sin,

and ends in perdition. Christ's peace be-

gins in pardoning grace, goes on in quiet

trust, and ends in glory. Is an uncon-verted, world-worshiping heart, like a

troubled sea, casting up loam and mire? The benignant Jesus can enter even such a heart—if it will invite him—and say to

the angry waves, "peace, be still;" and it will smooth out, like Galilee's lake, into a placid calm, reflecting the stars of heaven in its depths. Two things Jesus can give which ensure tranquility of soul. The

first one is pardon of sin and reconcilia-tion with a holy God. "Justified by faith, we have peace with God." The other is a deliverance from the tyranny

of ungodly desires and lusts, and the oc-

cupation of the soul with pure, satisfying

occupations. Obedience to Christ is a

wonderful tranquilizer. Rest, to a true Christian, is simply the unbindered per-

mission to do his perfect will. Dam up

a clear, swift-flowing brook, and it foams

with anger; pull away the obstruction

and it joyfully darts along its bright course, wherever its silver feet shall lead

it. Peace is not sluggish stagnation; it

s the deep, strong current of a soul flowing

in harmony with God. Before our blessed

Lord went out to his dying agony on the cross, he made his will. He had not a

shekel of silver to bequeath, or a dena-

rius in the pocket of his coarse robes. A

poorer man there was not that night in all Jerusalem. Yet he makes a bequest that outweighs all that the markets of the

world can offer-a richer legacy than

possessed amid innumerable persecutions

and buffetings, amid poverty and ob-

"My peace I give unto you." A gift is all the dearer because it has belonged to our dearest friend, and is linked with

Lord's gift is of his own "peace," which

had dwelt in his own divine breast, and

is poured out into the hearts which open

to him. It is a peace which passeth all

understanding; it keeps the heart from

distressing commotions, from racking doubts, and from uneasy apprehensions of the judgments to come. This is genu-ine happiness. This heals the sore spot,

and cures the heart-aches. Believer, you

may have this, just in proportion as you

turn away from the lying frauds of Satan's auction-rooms, and thankfully accept your share of your Master's legacy. "My

peace" in this world will be the prelude

to "my glory" in the next world. Open

your soul to the inflowing river, while you

Thou givest of thine own, Pouring from thine, and filling mine."

-Rev. T. L. Cuyler, in Evangelist.

Music's sublimest tones are found in

sorrow. The satisfied tones of the major

mode can never attain the appealing power

of the longing minor. Haydn's pleasant, contented nature never reached to the level of Handel's unrest or Beethoven's

Titanic striving and fitful gloom. Schu-

bert frequently complained that the pub-

lie seemed to like those songs best which had been written in his greatest misery.

He sought refuge in tones from his sorrows

and disappointments, however; for when

he was in pleasant circumstances he wrote

little or nothing, but when he was in deep

trouble he composed with prolific ardor. Truly, as the poet has said,—

Makes the beauty of the strain.

THERE is no sculpturing like that of

"The anguish of the singer

character .- Beecher.

"Thy reign is perfect peace. Not mine, but thine; A stream that cannot cease For its fountain is divine.

Oh, depths unknown

him or her in our memory forever.

view of Getheemane and Calvary.

Such peace as he had

Caesar leaves to imperial heirs.

I leave with you."

gladly sing:

Instead of the wretched device of

Sack Coats, \$15.00.

to \$12.00; Men's All-wool Indigo

Blue Suits, \$8.00; Men's Black

Worsted Dress Suits, Frock or

Children's Kilt Suits, \$5.00 to \$10.00; Children's Jersey Suits, \$3.50 to \$6.50; Children's Sailor Suits, \$1.75 to \$5.00; Children's Shirt Waists, Fancy Wool Blouse Waists, odd Pants, etc., etc.

Adams, the Clothier

Opposite the Court House.

Hop Bitters are the Purest and Best Bitters Ever Made.

They are compounded from Hops, Malt, Buchu, Mandrake and Dandellon,—the oldest, best, and most valuable medicines in the world, best, and most valuable medicines in the world, and contain all the best and most curative properties of all other remedies, being the greatest Blood Purifier, Liver Regulator and Life and Health Eestoring Agent on earth. No disease or ill health can possibly long exist where these Bitters are used, so varied and perfect are their operations.

They give new life and vigor to the aged and infirm. To all whose employments cause

They give new life and vigor to the aged and infirm. To all whose employments cause irregularity of the bowels or urinary organs, or who require an Appetizer, Tonic and mild Stimulant, Hop Bitters are invaluable, being highly curative, tonic and stimulating, without intovicating.

highly curative, tonic and stimulating, without intoxicating.

No matter what your feelings or symptoms are, what the disease or allment is, use Hop Bitters. Don't wait until you are sick, but if you only feel bad or miserable use Hop Bitters at once. It may save your life. Hundreds have been saved by so doing. Five hundred dollars will be paid for a case they will not cure or help.

cure or help.

Do not suffer or let your friends suffer, but nee and urge them to use Hop Bitters.
Remember, Hop Bitters is no vile, drugged, drunken nostrum, but the Purest and Best Medicine ever Made; the "Invalid's Friend and Hope," and no person or family should be without them. Try the Bitters to-day.

BOOK BINDER

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MARTIN W. WHEELOCK. MONTPELIER, VT.

NOTICE.

The town and state school tax bills, on the Grand List of 1883 of the town of Calais, having been deposited with the town tressurer by the selectmen, agreeably to the provisions of the law for that purpose; now, therefore, I, S. O. Roblison, Town Treasurer of Calais, do hereby call on all persons having a town and state school tax, payable to the town of Calais, to pay said taxes to the treasurer, at his resilience, within theely days from the list day of June. A. D. 1883. There will be four percent discount allowed out the town tax that is paid to the treasurer within said ninety days.

Calais, June 1, 1883. O. ROBINSON, Town Treasurer.

Calais, June 1, 1883.

Junction House,

ESSEX JUNCTION, VERMONT. C. E. Demeritt, Proprietor.

This house has lately been thoroughly re-paired and put in good shape for accomodation of guests.

\$5 to \$20 per day at home. Samples worth \$5 free.